



Shimoyama Idori

Rokuchomé, 26

Kobe, Aug 28th '85

Dear Mr. Scudder:-

Your kind reply to
my cross letters received.
I never write an angry letter
without feeling sorry for it
— even when I know I am
right. But I wonder whether
you quite appreciate an author's
position in such a case as
mine. He knows that his
editor can only write him
diplomatic letters, — that there
is a business barrier built
up between them, — that
in all matters of business his
editor is not his friend —
quite the reverse. Nevertheless
he has the sense of a
certain psychological relation-
— ship with him, — one of
sympathy; and perhaps believes

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to quite as intimate as the other relation is disagreeable. When, therefore, a criticism appears in editorial guise which destroys that small sense of a sympathetic mind at the other end of the line, - or of the world, as in this case, - then everything changes: the only humane factor in the acquiescence disappears.

I see that you did not understand I was a pioneer. It would have been very hard indeed to find somebody else who had resided in Igloo, - except a Bible-woman, - in my time. Now I know there are a few missionaries there; but I object to criticism by missionaries. There are

a few rare men in Japan, like
 the Rev. Arthur Lloyd, who
 have some breadth of culture;
 but most of them are ignorant
 fanatics, - like the man who
 has been exhibiting in
 Chicago, as emblems of the
 state religion of Japan, obscene
 images borrowed from houses
 of prostitution. Such men
 can live in a country twenty
 years and see nothing. It
 strikes me as positively certain
 that Fenollosa's house was
 in that article, - containing
 phrases first learned from
 me; and he is generally
 credited with it by those
 who have relation with
 Boston. As for some one
 who knows more about the

interior of Japan — I mean the
 life in itself — that I do, I
 fear you could not find one,
 — except a certain Jesuit
 - father who looks at the matter
 from the 15th century point
 of view. The difference between
 myself and other writers on
 Japan is simply that I have
 become practically a Japanese
 — in all but knowledge of
 the language; while other
 writers remain foreigners
 , looking from outside at
 riddles which cannot be
 read except from the
 inside. There is no one
 competent to criticize me
 from the point of view you
 suggest, because there is no
 one who has been able to
 assume that point of view.

among writers on Japan. When information about a certain form of belief or custom is wanted, even high authorities on Japanese subjects do not disdain to ask me. You see how conceited I am; but my conceit is based on facts.

— However, I don't feel very conceited about my next book, which I hope to send the rest of by next mail. It seems to me rather heavy, — there is a preponderance of serious articles; and serious articles I always get tired of long before they are finished, — so that I cannot fairly judge their value then.

Events and changes have been
so rapid and so strange
that many of these articles
forced themselves upon me
too quickly, perhaps. When
my strong point is, I do
not know. Can you tell
me?



— There are 3 sizes ready
of this character. I fancy
the above would be the
best for the title page.
I send you a paper
that has given me too
much trouble, — "A
Samurai": it is the epitome
of the life of the
new Japan.

It is not
an opportunity
to write the whole
very interesting
to send 2 contents, &
H. M. & Co.
Japan Steam